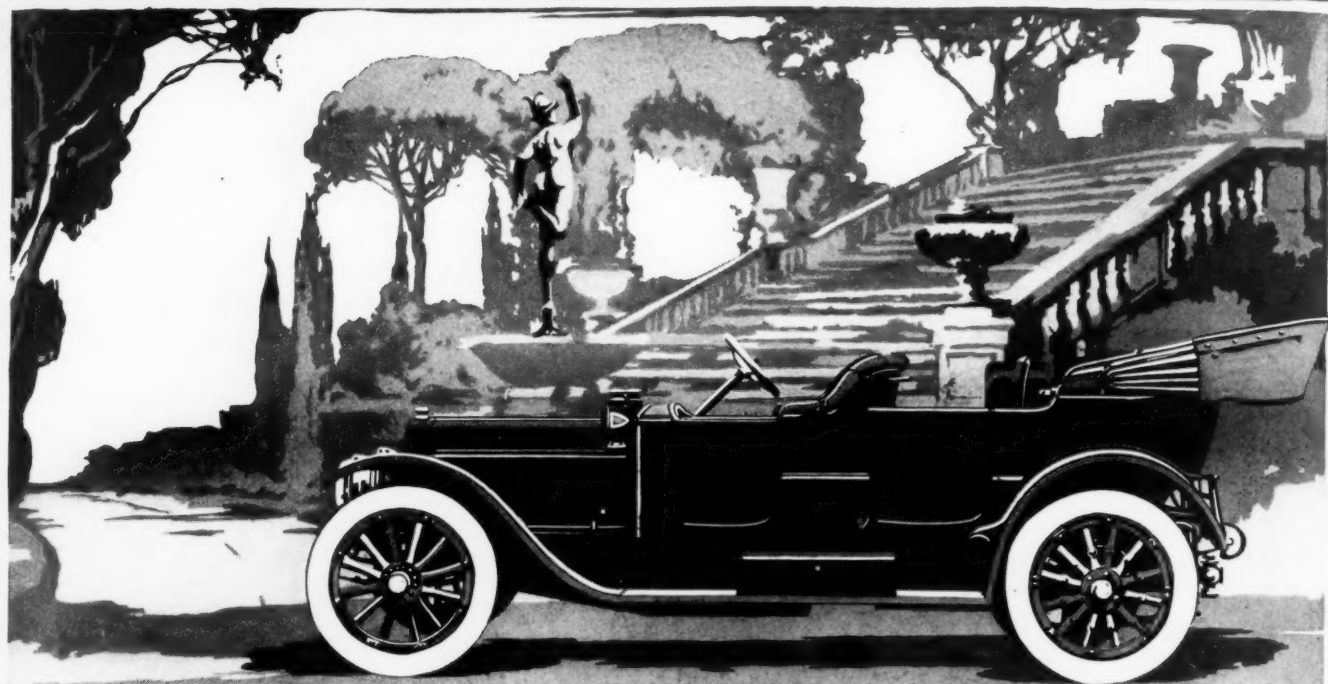


Life



ROUGHING IT ON BROADWAY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



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Fifteenth
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The
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THE Fiat 50 H. P. 6-cylinder chassis, with long stroke monobloc motor, is the simplest chassis of this type in the world. It is the logical development of the exclusive features of superiority which have characterized "The Master Car" from the start, and demonstrates anew the great designing genius and manufacturing ability of F·I·A·T

The monobloc motor, insuring perfect alignment; the special double jet Fiat carburetor; the Fiat rear axle construction and spring suspension, are among the exclusive Fiat features especially adapted to 6-cylinder work, bringing silence, flexibility, power and

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Catalog H, with the New 6-cylinder Folder, explains every detail of Fiat design and construction. Please address the Sales Department when writing.

Poughkeepsie

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New York

"Fiat Representation and Fiat Service Are World-Wide"

Letters to the Literati

To J. M. Barrie

WHAT are you busy at, Barrie, my laddie-boy?
Is it you're golfing, pursued by a caddie-boy?
Man, are you preaching, romancing or joking now?
What is the blend of tobacco you're smoking now?
Maybe you're writing in hoot-awa' dialect
Sketches of orthodox elders and high, elect
Kirkmen of Glasgow, or Thrums, or Glen Quharity,
Long on religion yet lacking in charity,
Banning all pleasures as covertly sinister.
Give us some news of your braw Little Minister
All in your true, Ecclefechan-Glengarry-tone—
Where is the voice that is sweeter than Barrie-tone?

There on my table with covers all gilded up,
"Peter and Wendy"—the book you have builded up
Out of the games we've all played but forgot about,
Out of the dreams that you know such a lot about—
Spreads, to recall to us poor ephemerides,
How once we roved in the Golden Hesperides,
Roved in our childhood when dreams were realities.
Come! Let's adventure in new principalities;
Fly through the blue empyrean, ecstatic;
Skirmish with Injuns and villains piratical;
Battle with lions and monsters reptilian;
Slip from the gnashings of jaws crocodilian;
Massacre grizzlies and tigers Hyrcanian;
Wander in wonderful caves subterranean;
Build in those underworlds marvelous palaces
Proving the dogmas of physics pure fallacies;
Dance with the mermaids and cope with those subtle fish,
Shark and octopus and terrible cuttle-fish;
Sport in the tree-tops with monkeys that hand to us
Mangoes and nuts and are perfectly grand to us;
Dig buried treasure in islands with cannibals;
Conquer like Caesars, Napoleons, Hannibals!
Be but our leader, and fearless we'll follow you,
Aye, though the maw of Leviathan swallow you!

Old are the dreamers who, when they awake, believe
All that they dreamed in their childhood was make-believe.
Older are they who, engrossed in endeavor, land
Seldom or never at all in your Neverland.
Oldest are they that forget, in their gravity,
E'en that they dreamed in their youth and depravity,
Plodding and grubbing to win just a penny more,
Too dull to sigh for Arcadia any more!
Surely, such renegades we shall not show ourselves.
Must we grow up—like them? Not if we know ourselves!

Arthur Guiterman.

If your car skids on wet or greasy pavements
with a set of VACUUM CUP TIRES, we will
bear the full expense of your tire equipment.

BUY a pair of VACUUM CUP TIRES for the rear wheels of your car from any of our branches or agents, and if, after a reasonable trial the tires do not fulfill every claim we make regarding their anti-skid qualities, return them and receive back the full price you paid.

The above out and-out guarantee against skidding is in addition to our exceptional guarantee of 4,000 miles of actual service.

These guarantees are made on faith. They are unqualified in any way and they are justified.



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cannot skid, because the cup-shaped rubber knobs molded into the tread grip the road with a suction hold. The rolling of the wheel automatically releases each cup by raising one side first, so no power is lost. Safer going makes faster going. Vacuum Cup Tires insure longer service, too, than any others on the market. Even when the rubber cups wear down, the tread which is of regular thickness comes into use with its full service still in reserve.

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A.B. WALKER

Style Makes the Man

And want of it the back number. Husbands, bachelors and all other masculine persons of whatever age, race or previous condition of servitude, be with us, we beg of you, next week. On Tuesday next (as usual) will appear before a startled world the Fashion Number of Life. All ladies are hereby warned not to read it—the statements made in it are altogether too radical for any woman. Be wise, therefore, ladies, and avoid this number; it is intended only for reckless and irresponsible men.

The next Picture-Title Contest will begin in our issue of March 7th—the Fashion Number

TRIAL OFFER

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

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ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

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The Spring Shapes of Knox Hats



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representatives throughout the world

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tic, but when idealism fails to inculcate those impeccabilities which only practical men can realize, then idealism should be subordinated to a lesser degree of reputability.

"This, then, is the problem before the literati of the twentieth century. Upon its proper solution hang contingencies far more pregnant than any that puzzled inquirer ever propounded to the Oracle at Delphi. I sincerely hope that the East may become reconciled to the West along these lines."

SOME of the heaviest chains are forged out of the desire to be free.

East vs. West

"Ah, but do you not see, my dear fellow," remarked Harold Hairsplitter, the well-known literary essayist, "that, while the East is wild—this, in a sense, I admit, although I am an Easterner myself—fully as wild as the West, it is a different kind of wildness—a wildness without a wilderness? The West is real, rugged and raucous—I speak without disparagement. It is real realism. The East, on the other hand, is idealistically wild. It flourishes amidst an ideal state of wild domestication. Do you follow me? It is a distinction which should carefully be preserved. All distinctions between realism and idealism should be carefully preserved. That is to say, the efforts to establish such distinctions while doomed to failure, should be carefully preserved, for, without these efforts, activities of worthy literary critics like myself would be seriously inhibited. It is the literary issue of the ages. Translated into the language of the New Nationalism, I believe firmly and unqualifiedly in realism wherever it is a realism that decent people can believe in, but when realism becomes too realistic or encroaches upon the proper functions of idealism, then I, with all other respectable people, do not hesitate to denounce it. Idealism, likewise, should be carefully preserved by the body poli-

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IS CONDUCTIVE TO
High Thinking
THAT'S WHERE
Evans' Ale

lends the helping hand. Makes a vigorous brain as well as a vigorous body by putting man in right relation with his stomach.
Take a course of Home Treatment.

Mark Twain

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THE AUTHOR'S NATIONAL EDITION has been issued to meet the urgent appeal for a moderate priced set of all his writings.

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We believe that never before in the history of publishing has so good a set of the copyrighted books of a great author been offered at so low a price.

The price is possible because the popularity of Mark Twain assures a tremendous sale.

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It is understood I may retain the set for five days, and at the expiration of that time, if I do not care for the books, I will return them at your expense. If I keep the books, I will remit \$3.00 a month until the full price, \$25.00, has been paid, or, within thirty days, \$23.75 as payment in full. L. I. 2-29

Signature.....

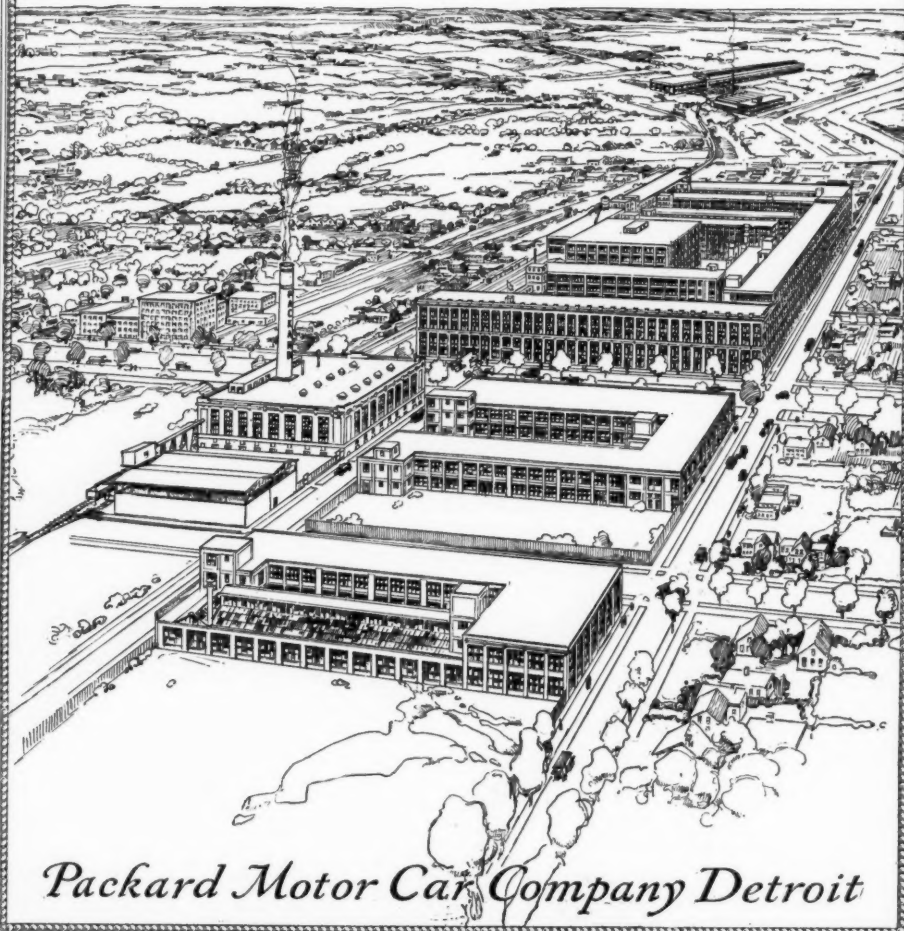
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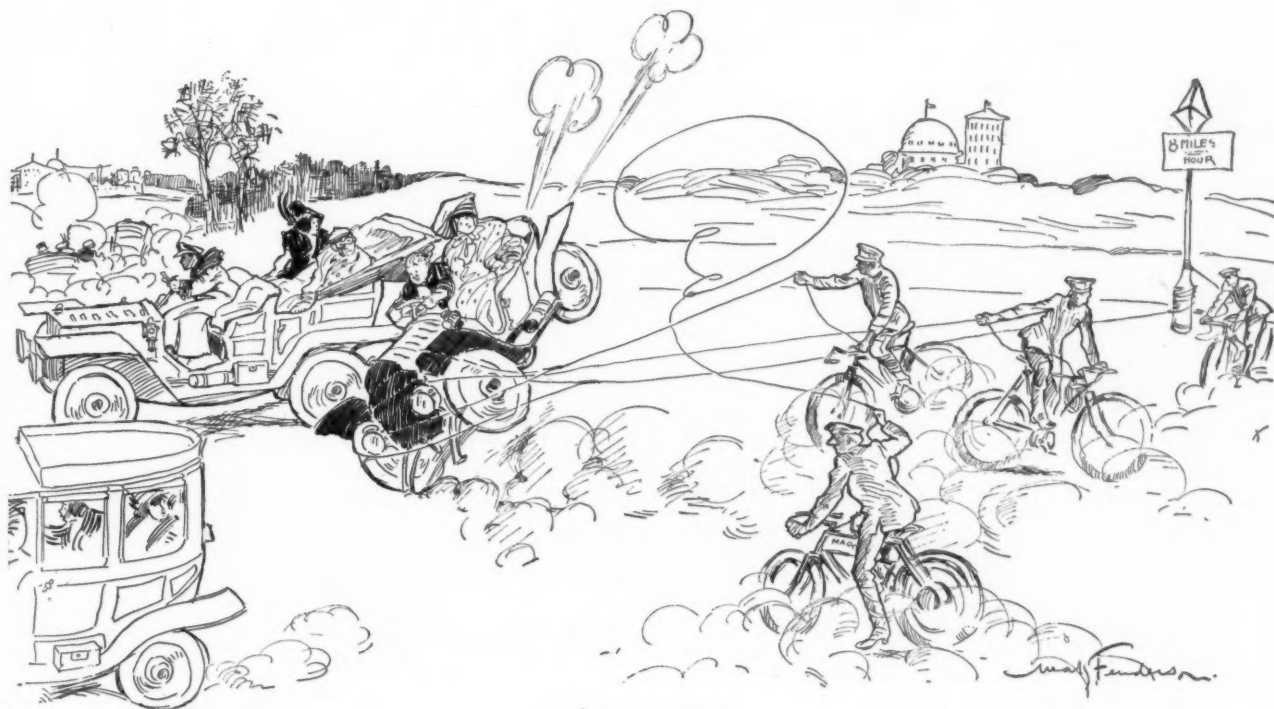
LIFE



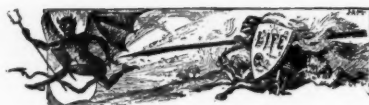
Greeting

I SAID to Love, "Farewell to you!
I know your heart, you are not true.
You do not heed what things you
do;
But little pleasures make us rue,
For tiny joys give sorrow new,"
I said to Love, "Farewell to you!"

Love said to me, "Good morn to you!
You paint your life a sombre hue.
Pray take me back without ado,
Nor seek forgetfulness to brew
When in your soul you know me true,
Beyond the very self of you."
Love said to me, "Good morn to you!"
Leolyn Louise Everett.



"THE WILD EAST"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIX. FEBRUARY 29, 1912. No. 1531

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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



FIFTY-FOUR gentlemen seem a good many to be indicted for activities and complications in the

felonious use of dynamite on non-union steel structures. There were the Forty-seven Ronins and the Forty Thieves, and we forget how many with Leonidas at Thermopylae and how many Molly Maguires, but fifty-four is a new number in the literature of adventure.

And a blessed good bag they make; and here's hoping for just and speedy trials for all of them, and suitable periods of detention for those who prove to have been justly accused.

The dynamite habit had come to be altogether too common among the labor unions. Also other habits of analogous quality and intention, whereupon the curious reader may find detailed information of much interest, and accurate, we suppose, in Mr. Walter Woehlke's discourse on Terrorism in America in the *Outlook* of February 17. Mr. Woehlke says in an opening paragraph of his piece:

During the strike of the Chicago garment workers the "entertainment committees" of the union habitually forced the non-union tailors to quit work by snapping the bones of their needle fingers with a short, sharp twist. In San Francisco non-union teamsters had their wrists broken by blows delivered with steel bars. In Coalinga, Cal., two men were beaten to death in a crowd of striking metal workers. On State street, in Chicago, a non-union teamster was dragged from his seat and trampled to death. Three striking machinists in Los Angeles, seated in an automobile, followed a strike-breaker when he boarded a car, attacked him with gas pipes, and pounded him into a pulp. The victim did not leave the hospital for six months.

That is a sort of discipline that has got to stop just as much as dynamiting. The whole idea of promoting unionism in labor, and the closed shop, by violence and terror is wrong, intolerable and hopelessly mistaken. It

is almost too much to expect that big strikes will be conducted with order and gentleness. Allowance must be made, no doubt, for the play of emotion, but systematic and organized terrorism cannot win, and its effectual discouragement by lawful authority is a service not only necessary to society, but to the unions themselves. The unionization of all labor under such leadership as labor now has, control of employment, regulation of hours, wages and output, would be an enormous calamity, so vast and tyrannous and unbearable that not only it could not happen, but would almost immediately crumble and dissolve if it did happen. It would be worse than the control of industry by trusts, because less intelligent. Our people intend that trusts shall not control industry. We believe that they are equally determined that labor unions shall not control it. The attempt is now progressing to define what trusts may be and what they may do. That problem will be worked out. So must, and will, the kindred problem of what the unions may be and may do. They have all got to come under the law, but the law must be just, protecting rights and regulating methods without strangling reasonable aspirations or stifling progress. And it must be enforced as firmly and evenly and irresistibly against the strong as against the weak, against capital as against labor.



IT is recognized that the employment of capital and the administration of great commercial enterprises is a highly expert business, calling for the best brains, the surest tempers and the most instructed and far-seeking minds that can be found and employed. Capital gets its experts. It can reward them, therefore it can attract them. It sifts the abilities of men and takes its pick. But look at labor! Its concerns—the direction of its great organizations, the determination of practical questions of how much and how long, resistance to the shrewd, the harsh, the strong—call not only for remarkable qualities of leadership, but for training, experience and wisdom,

and that elevation of character that qualifies plain men to stand before kings. Men who have these qualifications go up in the social scale. They are natural officers in the army of man, and they usually get their promotion and rank and pay accordingly. The problem of the unions is to find leaders among men who have not risen very far in life, fit to cope with those who have. They don't solve it very well, but the wonder is they don't do worse. They get some very good men, natural statesmen, and a lot of others, not fit, nor qualified, except by being natural politicians. That is the leading reason why we have fifty-four labor-unionists under indictment for unlawful use of dynamite.

We heard a speaker say last week: "We don't seem to be producing big enough men. The problems of contemporary life seem to be too difficult for the men we have to deal with."

We have faith to believe that in the large view that is not so, but it is abundantly true when we come to details. And it seems ominously true of this detail of union labor, which seems hard put to it to produce and elevate men of the discernment and character that its problems call for.

Therefore, if any gentlemen suspects that he has it in him to be a really successful labor leader, if he is a wise, patient, disciplined man, with a passion for humanity, with sympathy for the foolish and the tricky, and the ignorant and stupid, as well as for the merely downtrodden; if he can curb scoundrels and self-seekers on his own side and keep a grim and steady front to rascals and self-seekers on the other; if he can endure with equanimity the disapproval of most of his mental equals, good men and bad, in the ranks he faces, and the distrust of the jealous in the ranks behind him; if he is a general, and a saint, and a lawyer who can earn a hundred thousand a year, and a business man who can turn losses into profits, let him leave whatever employment he is bestowing his days upon and go and run a labor union, if any union will have him. He is the kind of man the unions need, and the kind of man we all need that they should have—a man who knows what is what and when is when; competent in negotiation; competent in restraint.



TEDDO THE PIRATE

"INSTEAD OF KNEELING IN HOMAGE, HE SEIZED THE KING'S FOOT AND TOPPLED HIM OVER AMID RUDE LAUGHTER."

—History of Vikings.

The Punishable Sin

IT appears that in Paterson, N. J., they recently arrested a young man and a young woman for dancing the turkey trot, and the court imposed a fine in each case of twenty-five dollars. The young man paid the fine. The young woman, eighteen years of age, being unable to pay the twenty-five dollars, was sent to jail for fifty days.

O, just judge!

And good old Anglo-Saxon law!

The girl was, in effect, punished for her poverty.

Imagine a daughter of Messrs. Morgan or Rockefeller or Guggenheim or Carnegie going to jail for fifty days for dancing the turkey trot!

Unaccountable Disesteem

DO you notice, as you pass, that when politicians find themselves doing what they ought not to do they call their behavior "business-like," and that when business is not going to suit business men, they say there is "too much politics in it"? Why this appearance of disesteem between the great powers of our civilization?



Spirits of the departed: WHITE FOX, EH?
AND MADE FROM OUR COATS!



TRANQUIL PLEASURES OF THE EAST

Who is the Greatest Pessimist?

The Pessimists' Club Offers a Tentative List of Those Who Are Prominent in the History of the World—Can Anybody Else Do Better Than This?

WE have received from many friends requests to furnish a list of representative pessimists, and we submit the following as a fair beginning:

Jeremiah.
W. J. Gaynor.
Henry the Eighth.
Cotton Mather.
Arthur Schopenhauer.
Bernard Shaw.
J. J. Hill.
Dick Turpin.

This list, we beg to inform everybody, is merely a start, and the secretary of the club wishes to have other lists submitted, which will include the world's greatest pessimists of all historic periods, each submitted list not to exceed twenty names.

To the one who, in the judgment of the officers, submits the best representative list of pessimists before March 15, 1912, the club will send a year's subscription to *LIFE*.

The club has received a number of suggestions, giving the names of W. H. Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, Governor Dix and Boss Murphy, as being suitable candidates. Before placing these gentlemen on the roll of honor, however, their claims should be subjected to further investigation. With regard to Colonel Roosevelt, the man who backs him up writes as follows:

"There can be no doubt that Theodore Roosevelt is entitled to the office of chief pessimist in our country. Under the specious front of appearing to be cheerful, he has, in reality, by his deeds helped us to be greater pessimists than ever before; and I respectfully submit that a man should be judged more by his actions than by his words."

Some time ago W. J. Gaynor was offered the presidency of the Pessimists' Club, but he refused, on the ground that he could do better work elsewhere.

The lists will be published as they are presented to the secretary of the club (addressed, care of *LIFE*), and the announcement will be made on or about the first of April, all lists submitted after March 15 not being considered.

The club is in constant receipt of suggestions from all over the country, and takes this opportunity to state that it is impossible to reply to every communication. One lady writes:

"Why do you not have an ailment corner? Could there be any more prolific source of pessimism than the discussion of one's ailments?"

We beg leave to notify this correspondent that a ailment corner or hypochondriac's retreat is already one of the chief features of the club. We also have a stockbroker's



"Have barred out women"

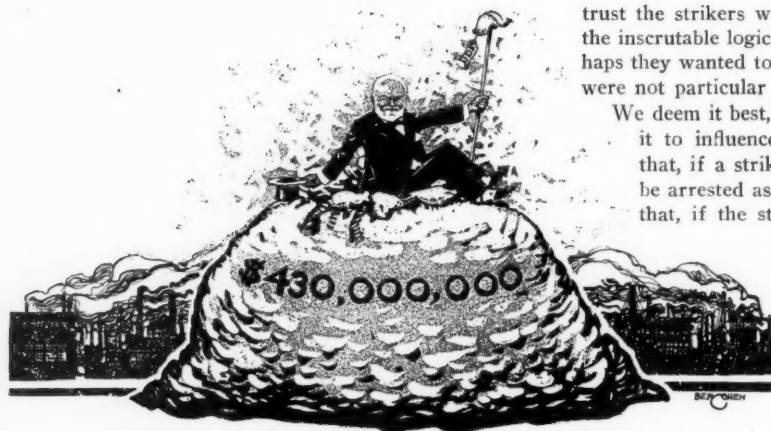
corner and a place where fleeced lambs can delight upon their sufferings. We find, however, that the tendency of the members of the club is to become too cliquish. It is all very well for certain members to get together and discuss their symptoms, as it is for others to concentrate on their losses in Wall Street, and still others to denounce the various ways in which they are being robbed; but all this tends to too much exclusiveness. A real pessimist is the man who rises above any particular form of suffering, and believes that no good can come of anything. This is the right spirit toward which we are constantly aiming, and the great success of the club on these particular lines would be a constant source of satisfaction if we could find any satisfaction in anything.

Another complaint reads as follows:

"I regret very much that you have barred out women from becoming members of the Pessimists' Club. It seems to me that this is a great mistake. I have been all my life a resident of New England villages, and every form of pessimism that the world has ever known, in its most advanced and aggravated type, is displayed here among our old maids. Their chief amusement is to pass their Sundays in the graveyard and their week days in dissecting the assumed virtues and the unqualified



"Get together and discuss their symptoms"



CARNEGIE HAUL

faults of their friends. Why, then, do you dare to keep out of the club those who would unquestionably lift it up into an entirely new world of pessimism?"

To this friend we have only to say: That one of the objects of the Pessimists' Club is to perpetuate itself, and while our friend's information may be first hand, we do not believe that if we should open the club to women of the character he describes that the club would last more than three weeks. Above all things, we must preserve our integrity, for we have a great work to perform. This work is to convince every American that there is no hope left for any of us, and when at last we are all united in this firm belief, we shall then possibly take steps towards the disbanding of the club, as its object will no longer be necessary. But to introduce even a few cantankerous old maids would be fatal to our prime object. We shall, therefore, continue to stand by our former decision. This does not mean at all that any member of the club cannot take advantage of any lady pessimist with whom he may have the opportunity to associate. If your wife, for example, has a tendency to make you more gloomy and to fill you brimful with the hopelessness of life in general, by all means stick to her to the bitter end. If among your women relatives there are any first-class pessimists, let them come to you and add to your weight of woe. It is doubtful, indeed, if the Pessimists' Club could continue to exist without the presence of women. But these women are needed, not inside of the club, but outside of it.

Murder Accessories

UP in Lawrence, Mass., in connection with the strike there, a rather unusual event happened. In the course of events a striker, an eighteen-year-old boy, was killed by the soldiers. Thereupon the authorities became so excited over the fate of the lad that they arrested Mr. Ettor, the leader of the strike, as an accessory to the murder. This might seem to indicate that the authorities are determined to protect the strikers at all hazards, but we

trust the strikers will not take the matter too seriously or try to fathom the inscrutable logic of it. Perhaps the authorities were just joking. Perhaps they wanted to arrest Mr. Ettor anyway, and, as they had the power, were not particular about the reason.

We deem it best, therefore, to caution strikers everywhere not to allow it to influence them as a precedent. They might reason from it that, if a striker killed a soldier, the colonel of the regiment would be arrested as an accessory, but he would not be. They might think that, if the strikers killed a policeman, the mayor or the chief of police would be arrested as an accessory. They might think that, if the strikers killed a strike breaker, the president of the mill would be arrested as an accessory. All such conclusions would be wrong. The only fair and safe course in such cases is for the strikers frankly to acknowledge themselves laymen unable to understand the fine points of the expert dispensers of justice.

Ellis O. Jones.



A FAIR DIVISION

"YOU STAND THERE AN' GIT WEIGHED, BILLY, AN' GIVE MAMIE THE FORTUNE WHEN IT COMES OUT AN' I'LL LISTEN TO THE MUSIC."



A LEAP YEAR REJECTION

Railroad Notes

IN accordance with the suggestion of the Hadley commission that we need more publicity for railroads, we present the following items:

The directors of the Jam Commuters & Gougem Railroad held a delightful function at their office yesterday. A large stock dividend was declared. This will immediately become a vested right upon which large returns are expected.

The Jerkem & Wreckem Railroad had a bad smash-up on Monday. As usual, the officials found a way to escape blame and lay it on some of the minor employees.

The Nearie Railroad has announced increased commutation rates on some of its lines. The lines selected traverse territories which are so well built up that new traffic is not expected and the old traffic can't get away.

The No Heaven & Hardhearted Railway has received a large consignment of unusually impertinent conductors, ticket sellers and gatemen. Any patron of the road who has not been insulted can now be accommodated.

The Softcoal & Cinders Railroad announces that, owing

to the extreme dirtiness of its service, laundries and dry-cleaning offices will be established at all stations where passengers may be overhauled at double prices.

The Smother & Choke Railroad has established the splendid custom of celebrating the holidays each year by sweeping out its cars.

The Rumble & Rock Railroad has issued invitations to stockholders for a large melon-cutting party on Wednesday.

The Stocks, Bonds & Wall Street Railroad reports a very prosperous year. If it gets much more prosperous, the directors say, it is the intention to put the road in decent shape.

Ellis O. Jones.

An Injustice?

IT seems a careless judgment of the Société d'Acclimatation of Paris in awarding the special medal to Theodore Roosevelt as a naturalist. Scientific societies do not, as a rule, bestow medals upon just that kind of a naturalist. The medal should have gone to Mr. Armour of Chicago. His record as an animal killer puts Mr. Roosevelt in the children's class.

Life's Pictorial Contest Begins in the Next Number

Life Wins \$1,043.14.

LIFE, through its attorneys, has just received from the *New York Mail and Express* a check for \$1,043.14 in payment of a judgment for violating LIFE's copyright.

The fact is recorded thus prominently not in a spirit of exultation. LIFE would much rather that the *Mail and Express* had not helped itself to LIFE's property and that the \$1,043.14 had remained in the *Mail and Express* treasury.

The value of the verdict is not in dollars and cents, but in its clear definition by the courts that under the copyright laws of the United States the artist and the writer are the owners of what they produce with their brains and pens.

In the present case artists drew pictures for which LIFE paid them. The pictures were printed in LIFE in issues which were duly copyrighted and the issues bore the required copyright notice.

The *Mail and Express*, in its desire to secure something for nothing, a custom too common with some daily newspapers, reprinted these pictures from foreign publications which had reprinted them from LIFE without credit.

At first glance it may appear that the *Mail and Express* was an innocent offender. Even so, it will have to be granted that a newspaper has a right to take things without paying for them, provided the lifting is done from a foreigner.

It was proved in testimony that the editor who used the pictures had a pretty fair idea that they were originally from an American publication, although this knowledge had nothing to do with the case under our copyright laws. LIFE did not have to establish any such knowledge.

The court held practically that *when a newspaper reprints anything from another publication, with or without credit, it is incumbent on that newspaper to know that the matter is not copyrighted*, unless the newspaper wishes to incur the punitive damages provided for by the American copyright law.

LIFE did not press for punitive damages. The amount of the present verdict is the *smallest* that could have been awarded under the law. Neither judge nor jury had the discretion to make the verdict any smaller,

although, if LIFE had insisted, it was in their power to award damages running into very many thousands of dollars.

The *Mail and Express* fought this case bitterly at every point and carried it to the highest United States court that hears such appeals.

Some of the points decided came up for the first time and the judgment of the court is flat-footed in upholding the provisions of the new copyright law now in force.

For many years it has been the custom for newspapers to reprint from other publications at will. In the case of brief extracts of editorial opinion and statements of minor facts this custom is so firmly established that probably no jury would find such quotation to be a violation of copyright, provided due credit were given. But so many publications are largely made up of clipped matter that this decision is of importance to those who believe that the product of brain labor is as much property and entitled to protection as paper, ink and other material things that are the product of labor of the hands.

Writers and artists have no labor unions to look out for their rights. Their original creations must be sold in the open market, and the value is established by their value to the publication which purchases them. This last value will be increased, provided the purchaser is sure his purchase may not be legally stolen from him by any one who wishes to avoid paying for original work.

LIFE is not in the business of laying traps for copyright violators. It does not want to make money that way. Therefore, it does not exult over the *Mail and Express*.

LIFE does rejoice, though, in a judicial decision which says virtually that the laborer is worthy of his hire. If the newspapers will regard the decision in this spirit they may eventually reach the point where they will print nothing they do not pay for. And this would give a tremendous boost to originality in all lines of literary and artistic endeavor.

It behooves all publishers to take notice that under the copyright law the burden of proof rests upon them when they reprint, with or without credit.



"HE OUGHT TO DENY HIMSELF THESE FRILLS DURING LENT"



There was a man in our town,
Who was not wondrous wise;
He bought his wife a party gown,
All full of hooks and eyes.
And when he had it all hooked up
With all his might and main,
He wondered if he ever could
Unhook that gown again.



A Deadly Stab Between the Ribs



THE dramatic critic gets more kicks than ha'pence. He's no target for laurel wreaths. It has to be so. It's in the nature of things. If he's on the level he is working for a big public that is not much interested except to the extent of saying that he's a good critic if he happens to agree with the general verdict and that he's a poor critic if he happens to differ with the opinion of the person who happens to be talking.

That public for whose interests he is working, not so much in a positive way as in the negative position of defending it from the entirely commercial interests of the theatrical business, doesn't go far out of its way to strengthen the hand of the critic. It takes his work for granted and is guided or not guided by him, mostly not. The only way that a critic finds out that he is alive is when he gets a real heart-to-heart talk from a disinterested person, such as a member of the profession which is his principal subject of discussion. The kind of information he gets about himself from that source is not likely to be flattering. The actor takes things complimentary to himself as entirely matter of course and to be expected. He has a short memory for their source, if not for the compliments

themselves. But he never forgets the statement which does not accord with his own estimate of himself nor does he forget its author. Usually it rankles, but sometimes it finds indignant expression in the spoken or written word.

o o o o o o o o

HERE is an example. This letter, which the writer was too modest to sign, shows that, after all, there are persons who take an interest in the work of the critic:

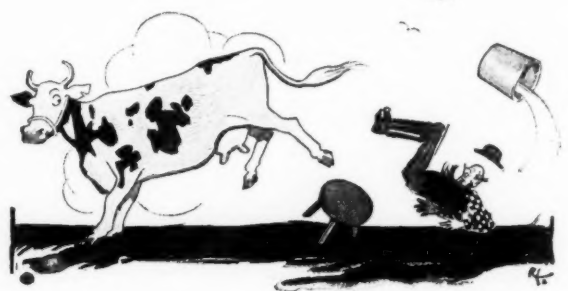
INDIANAPOLIS, February 12, 1912.

MR. METCALFE.—Permit me to indulge in a little friendly criticism of a critic, you being that critic. The writer has been a constant reader of *LIFE* for a number of years and, of course, reads your weekly discourses on the current attractions in your city. I am not at present connected with the theatre in any way, but I know enough of plays and stage affairs to know that seventy per cent. of your criticisms are absolutely "impossible" and unfair, to say the least.

A critic is about the last thing in the world to me (with the possible exception of the insurance agent). As a rule it is invariably someone who has made a failure of himself and knowing his own incapableness endeavors to eke out a meagre existence by hacking at other people's work. I know of no intrinsic reason why you should be so pernicious and unjust with all, except that perhaps you have been doing it too long. There is such a thing as a person performing a certain duty too long, which usually forms a monotony that stagnates. Rid yourself of this sourness and evident "eternal theatrical grouch," Mr. Metcalfe, and you will be far more effective.

OF course, a communication of that sort is calculated to make its recipient feel that he has outlived his usefulness, if he ever had any; that he ought to go off to some obscure corner and curl up and quietly pass away. That would have been the effect in the present instance if the letter had stopped there. Unfortunately for the suicidal impulse the writer intended to implant, he did not stop his letter at that point. He continued:

Also dispense with your personal grievance against Mr. George M. Cohan, as such things should not be carried into *LIFE*'s pages. It excites abhorrence in its readers and subscribers. *LIFE*'s pages really should not be degraded with such stuff, neither should its readers be continually harassed with your atrocious attacks. Did it ever occur to you that perhaps some readers care for Mr. Cohan? I realize that a critic has it in his power



A MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE

to either "make or break" a play, and as a result my one hope is that when my play reaches your city I, at least, will escape Metcalfe's clutches.

AH, the milk in the cocoanut. The critic of critics, although dating from Indianapolis, seems to be close to the clan of Cohan. In fact there are no insuperable physical difficulties in the way of the letter having been written in the neighborhood of the Cohan Theatre and yet bearing the Indianapolis postmark.

Allowing, for the sake of argument, that the letter is what it purports to be, LIFE denies any "personal grievance" against Mr. George M. Cohan and pleads not guilty to any "atrocious attacks." It hears many agreeable things about Mr. Cohan's personal qualities in the way of family devotion and his generosity to persons in distress. LIFE's criticism of Mr. Cohan, which he can endure with equanimity because of the material prosperity which has come to him through his use of the theatre, is based on the example of vulgarity he sets before American young people.

If this country needs anything from its theatre in the way of education it is in the line of good manners. We have plenty of teachers in the pulpit and elsewhere who will tell us what our morals ought to be. But the stage, of all mediums, can best tell a people that sadly needs that kind of instruction what is best in speech, bearing and the courtesies that make the daily intercourse in life agreeable. Mr. Cohan has chosen to make the ill-mannered, tough, "smarty" young man a heroic example for the young men and young women who come

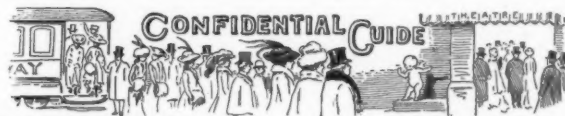
to see him perform. That is LIFE's principal grievance against him.

The minor one of trading on the American flag and the superficial patriotism of theatrical audiences for his own personal profit isn't of serious moment. If the antics of a mountebank have any real effect on patriotism it can't be patriotism of much value. Mr. Cohan is quite entitled to all the money he can make by waving the American flag and singing "Yankee Doodle" in the faces of that kind of cheap patriots.

Therefore, in spite of the withering communication postmarked Indianapolis, LIFE must continue to regard and speak of Mr. George M. Cohan, in his professional capacity, as a vulgarizing influence for those who witness his performances.



NEXT season America is to see the divine Sarah in vaudeville. Parts of the country have already seen her in a circus tent. On that account, how she is to appear is not so important as the fact that she is to receive seven thousand dollars a week for two twenty-minute performances a day. Which is a valuable commentary, as showing the relations of



Astor—"The Greyhound." Notice later. Belasco—"The Return of Peter Grimm." Mr. David Warfield artfully impersonating a disembodied spirit in interesting drama. Broadway—Weber and Fields and prominent members of their old companies in "Hokey Pokey," musical extravaganza and burlesque of "Buntz Pulls the Strings." Amusing.

Casino—"Sumurun." Wordless play, interesting from its novelty and unusual staging of Oriental scenes.

Century—"The Garden of Allah." Mr. Hichens's novel in interesting dramatic form and with impressive spectacular effects.

Cohan's—"The Little Millionaire." Musical show exhibiting Mr. George M. Cohan, his family and his ability in producing coarse amusement.

Comedy—"Buntz Pulls the Strings." Most laughable, satirical and well acted Scotch comedy.

Criterion—Ethel Barrymore in "Cousin Kate," an amusing, well acted English light comedy, and "A Slice of Life," satire on acting by Mr. J. M. Barrie.

Empire—Mrs. Fiske in "Lady Patricia." Notice later.

Fulton—"The First Lady in the Land." Elsie Ferguson in cleverly written American historical comedy.

Gaiety—"Officer 666." Very amusing farce, with melodramatic episodes. Well acted.

Globe—"Over the River." Diverting musical show. Mr. Eddie Foy and his fun, assisted by demonstrations of the "turkey trot" and other dances of this sort.

Harris—"The Talker." Well acted com-



Burglar: NOW YOU TWO BE QUIET AND DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE, SEE!
She: OH, WE NEVER MAKE ANY NOISE.

both Sarah and the masses of the American people to dramatic art. And it is interesting to observe that in the estimation of our public she is worth more in homeopathic doses at sixty-eight and as a grandmother than she was in complete performances when she was in her artistic prime.

Metcalfe.



"GEE! I CAN SCRATCH MY OWN NOSE."

edy of the day and presenting some questions of interest to the modern woman.

Herald Square—"Everywoman." An impressive modern morality play. Well staged and well acted.

Hippodrome—Ballet, water spectacle and the big stage pictures of "Around the World."

Hudson—Mme. Simone in translated version of "La Princesse Lointaine." Notice later.

Knickerbocker—"Kismet." Oriental tale in gorgeous setting, with interesting drama well acted by Mr. Otis Skinner and good company.

Lyceum—"Preserving Mr. Panmure," with Gertrude Elliott. Notice later.

Lyric—"Little Boy Blue." Musical show of more than usual diverting qualities.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Bird of Paradise." Interesting play with unusual Hawaiian settings.

Park—"The Quaker Girl." Dainty musical show of London origin.

Playhouse—"Bought and Paid For." Drama of present-day American life, humorous, touching and well acted.

Republic—"The Woman." Interesting drama, with the corruption of Washington political life as the background.

Thirty-ninth Street—"A Butterfly on the Wheel." English society and its divorce predicaments graphically depicted.

Wallack's—"Disraeli." Pretty drama of the Victorian era, with Mr. George Arliss's clever delineation of the title character.

Winter Garden—Big vaudeville, extravaganza and ballet, with Russian dancers and Annette Kellermann.

Maxims for Malcontents

WHATEVER is, is wrong.

An ounce of theory is worth centuries of experience.

Young men for counsel; old men for pensions.

The truest education is a smattering of many things.

Anyone can keep hotel, edit a newspaper or run a government.

Why be logical when a stick of 80 per cent. dynamite will settle any dispute?

Property is a crime; therefore it is criminal to be industrious and saving.

It is better to talk than to work.

Call a crook "Comrade" and he becomes honest and one of the Brotherhood of Man.

There is no happiness like spending the money of other people.

Ignore facts if they conflict with your theories.

All Americans are equal; therefore your ideas are as good as any one's.

Two and two used to make four.

No one ever got rich honestly.

Never try reform by the ballot; dynamite is quicker.

Water ought to run up hill; it will when things are properly adjusted.

Let's divide; only you start it.

Why should the idle and shiftless be permitted to suffer when there's a public treasury and taxation to fill it?

The true standard of a day's work is what the laziest workman is willing to do.

It isn't necessary to be sure you're right; go ahead anyway.

Any honest man can be a patriot; it takes brains to be a demagogue.

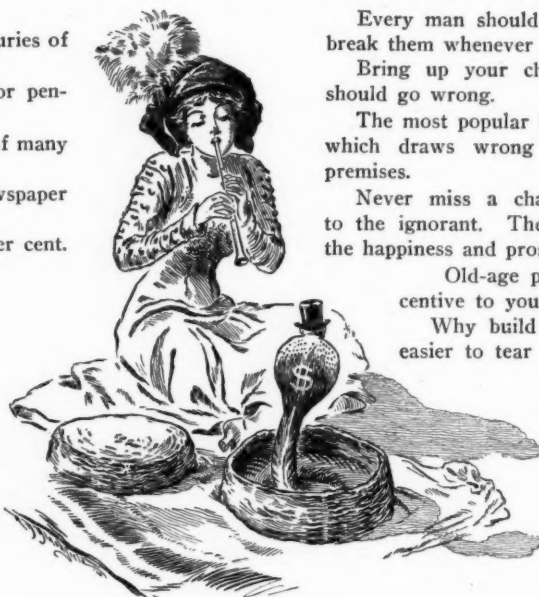
Tell yourself a lie and stick to it; pretty soon you'll believe it.

Make haste slowly is a silly contradiction of terms.

Every Comrade in the Brotherhood of Man is expected to lend any other Comrade five dollars whenever he asks for it.

The American Constitution is a pipe dream made by idiots for the amusement of fools. Any newly landed emigrant or any fresh graduate of our time could write a better one.

Never think. It wears out the brains. Talking doesn't.



THE CHARMER

Every man should make his own laws and break them whenever he feels like it.

Bring up your children in the way they should go wrong.

The most popular logic of our times is that which draws wrong conclusions from false premises.

Never miss a chance to bring discontent to the ignorant. The combination makes for the happiness and prosperity of every one.

Old-age pensions are a mighty incentive to youthful thrift and industry.

Why build up when it is so much easier to tear down?

In argument never mind whether your statements of fact are true or not. This puts the burden of proof on the other fellow.

"Panem et circenses" is an old dodge, but if you call it "free recreation for the people," it

works as well to-day as ever.

In case of doubt make a new law. It's a waste of energy to enforce the old ones.

James S. Metcalfe.

How Trusting!

WHEN all those uplifters and charity-workers and reporters and smart-setters gathered in a great crowd at Delmonico's to view an exhibition of how bad the "Grizzly Bear" and the "Turkey Trot" can be, the Reverend Percy Stickney Grant arose, not to ask a blessing, but to say that he knew "none had come here for the purpose of seeing something that was off-color."

How delightfully ingenuous, and what a great light it throws on the ministerial knowledge of human nature. If they weren't there for the express purpose of seeing something that was off-color, what in the world were they there for, and what was it all about?

WE have been able to break some of the trusts all of the time and all of the trusts some of the time, but we haven't discovered how to break all of the trusts all of the time.



UNHUGGED

"THE BUNNY HUG" DECLARED IMMORAL! WHY, IT NEVER SEEMED SO TO ME.

A Tenderfoot on Broadway

(Being sung on the X Y Z after a trip to New York)

ON Pablo Creek I guess that I
Am quite an independent guy,
Sufficient with my .44—don't need no automatic.
But when I struck that blamed N. Y.,
I wasn't such a wildcat—why
I'm a tenderfoot on Broadway, and I say it most
emphatic!

There ain't no method there, in fact,
To tell you how y' ought to act;
There ain't no calm nor peace o' mind, nor nothin'
worth enjoyin'.
Most everywhere you'll find a cop
To yell "Go on!" or holler "Stop!"
Without no rhyme nor reason, and I call it most
annoyin'.

I ain't afraid to fight or bleed;
I've stopped the X Y Z stampede;
I've held off twenty Mexicans and never turned a
feather:
But nothin' never chilled my feet
Like crossin' Forty-second street,
With forty thousand taxicabs a-hootin' all together.

A bandit I did never see,
Could run a hold-up game on me
Until I hit the New York trail and met a fresh head
waiter;
He got my purse and pulled my legs,
And taught me French for ham-an'-eggs,
Then turned me over calmly to a ticket speculator!

The Statue known as "Libertee,"
Stands by the town where nothin's free.
One day, too poor for taxicabs, I strolled down
Broadway's wide-walk.
I stood awhile before a shop,
When up there comes a Broadway cop.
Says he to me, "Ten dollars, please, for ground-rent
on the sidewalk!"

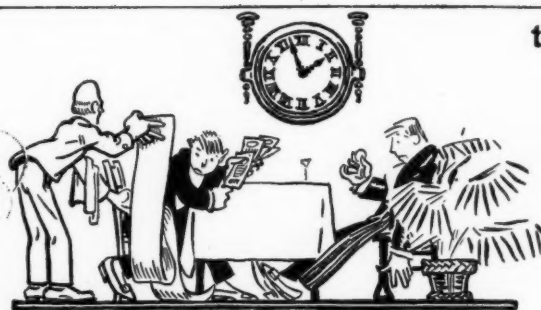
I'm done with that there giddy town,
Where ladies stand while gents sit down,
Where health or fortune's never safe wherever any-
one stirs;
So back into the ranch I've swung,
Where I ain't scared o' bein' stung
By nothin' worse than cactus-spikes or snakes or Gila
monsters.
Wallace Irwin.



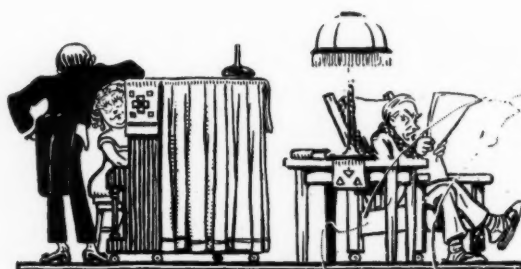
THE BEGINNING OF CIVILIZATION



the Hunter and the Trapper



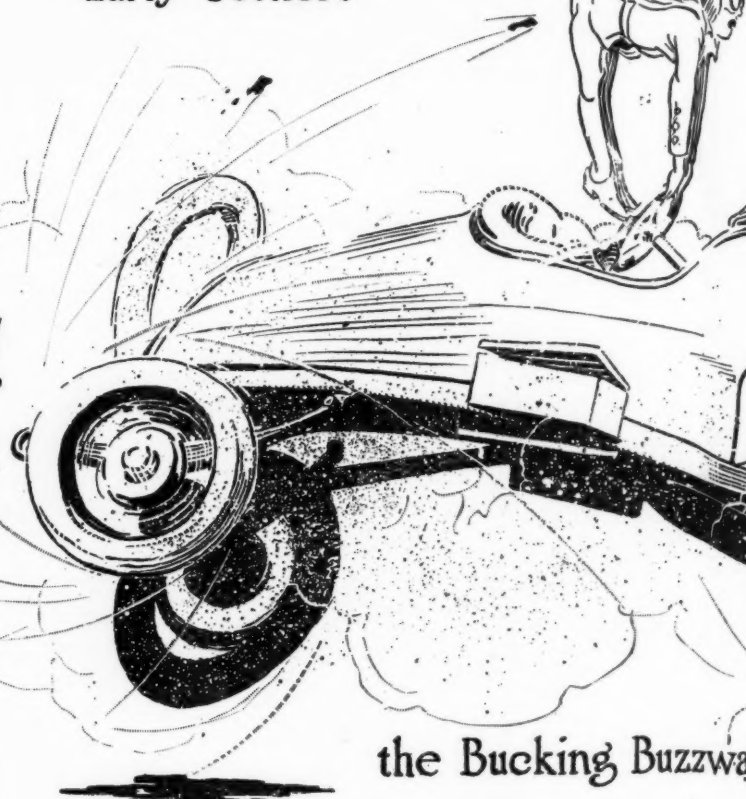
Early Settlers



the Bad Man



Forty-niners



the Bucking Buzzard

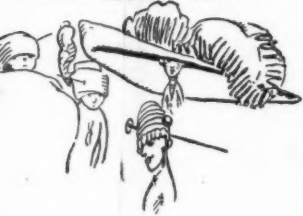


Prospectors for Gold and Silver

WILDKACK.

LIFE.

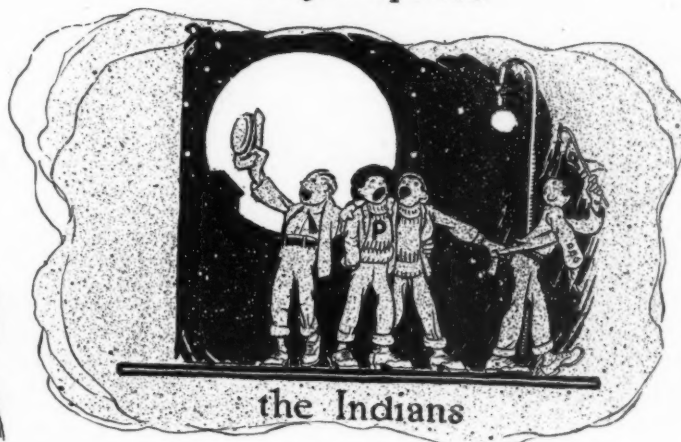
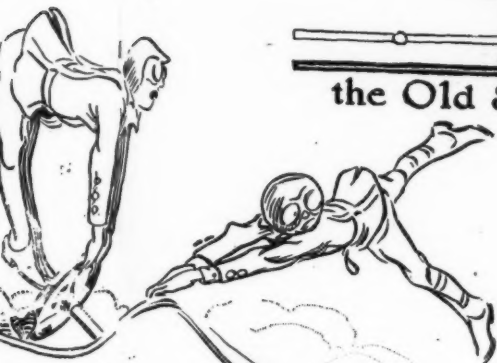
Wild-East Hat



the Old Scout



the Pony Express



the Indians

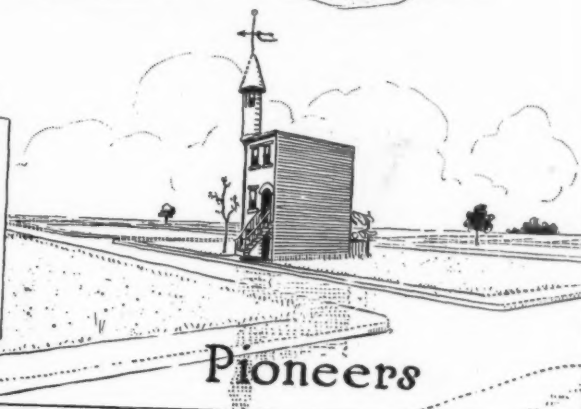


g Buzzwagon



and Silver

HEIGHTS
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Only 120 minutes from
CITY HALL
JAMAICA
FOR PRICES & TERMS APPLY TO
BUYITT & WAID
SOUTH SHORE
LONG ISLAND



Pioneers

the Wild East



"GEE WHIZ! AN' THAT GUY HAD THE NERVE TO GIMME A LOT O' HOT AIR ABOUT WASTED OPPERTOONITIES"

The Life of Trade

"COMPETITION is the life of trade,"
 Said the trust magnate as he secured rebates and
 thus put a few of his rivals out of business,
 Said the strike-breaker as he took the job of a man
 on strike,
 Said the workman as he underbid a fellow workman
 for a job,
 Said the society climber as she snubbed an old friend,
 Said the little child as he took his father's job at the
 factory,
 Said the lawyer as he was handed a comfortable re-
 tainer for a big legal battle,
 Said the public on election day when it tried to decide
 which party was the least of two evils.

E. O. J.

CUSTOMER (after experiencing some difficulty getting
 in): Great Scott! Isn't there any front door to this
 drug store?

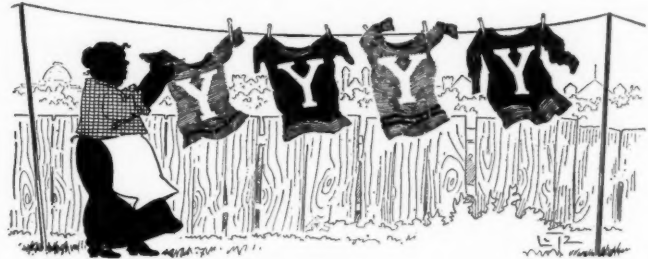
DRUGGIST: No, sir. This is a Christian Science drug
 store.

The Good of It

A NUMBER of the newspapers are inclined to scoff at
 the effort of the Rev. Madison C. Peters to abolish
 poverty by opening a grocery store and selling goods at
 cost, à la Mayor Shank of Indianapolis.

Perhaps the newspapers are about half right in this,
 but, nevertheless, the move is fraught with a great and
 favorable significance which the newspapers seem to have
 overlooked.

IN six days God created heaven and earth, but New York
 is still unfinished.



A YALE LINE-UP



NEW YORKERS ARE ALWAYS IN SUCH A HURRY



THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

The Effete East

A COLOSSAL congress and carefully collected conglomeration of silently suffering straphangers soberly hurrying homeward, agile alluring apostlettes seductively seeking the suffrage, listless and lovable ladies busily bustling for bargains, cheerful considerate chauffeurs in tooting and tortoise-like taxis, polite predatory pickpockets and pleasantly pursuing policemen, and other equally characteristic creations of Eastern effeteness in an instructive, convincing and truly educational exhibition of the salient and picturesque features of what (it is hoped) is a passing phase of American civilization.

A Troupe of Wild Brooklynites.—Suburban leapers, tumblers, high jumpers and straphangers will perform their remarkable feats of strength, quickness and devil-may-care daring on a rapid transit vehicle in full motion in sight of the audience.

The Jones Family of American travelers will go through the Customs House, assisted by a company of trained Customs officials (permission of the United States Government), who will go through the Jones family.

See "Plain" Smith, the "average citizen" in his interesting and refined acrobatic interlude with three automobiles, a surface trolley, a fire engine and a police patrol wagon.

See "Bunco" Bill, the peerless, practical prestidigitator selling gold bricks to farmers chosen at random from the audience.

See our two great clowns, Capital and Labor, who will pummel each other entertainingly at regular intervals.

The whole to conclude with *the Near-Millionaires' Joy Ride*, by Hugger and Mugger, champion high ball smashers of the Tenderloin, who, after an illuminating exhibition of their skill with the high balls, will leap in splendid intoxication into their racing motor car, and will be considerably captured by the motor police after innocently killing or maiming several thoughtless pedestrians.

R. B.

A Prince of Toreadors and a Princess from Tuscany

BEHIND the scenes, Ladies and Gentlemen! Behind the scenes! Step up and buy your tickets for our special sightseeing volumes! The red and yellow striped novel takes you to the bull rings of Spain. The blue autobiography, with the royal monogram, takes you to the courts of Europe. "Look-see" literature de luxe, with every seat a front seat! The biography of a bull-baiting matador, with inside information on inhumanity! The confessions of a bullyragged Princess, with private peeks behind the purple. Behind the scenes, Ladies and Gentlemen! Behind the scenes of the two great European survivals of the unfit!

Wretchedly vulgar affairs, these sightseeing auto trips.

And yet there are odds and ends of otherwise unobtainable information to be gotten from them. You can learn more about your friends, for instance, by watching the expression on their faces when they suddenly see you seated next to the megaphone man than in almost any equal space of time. And, of course, when we learn something about our friends we are within one of learning something about ourselves. Try a dollar round trip through the Residence District some time and see. It is an excellent Lenten exercise.

"The Blood of the Arena" (McClurg, \$1.35), by Señor Vicente Blasco Ibañez, is a rather heroic remedy for ignorance, but it is efficacious, and its doubly humanizing effects are salutary. Originally intended for home consumption, it was admirably calculated to trick the sporting public of Spain into seeing themselves reflected in others' eyes. Exported to foreign lands, it is equally useful in enabling us to see the Spaniards as they see themselves. And on these two vantage points of vision hang all the interpretative laws (not to mention the profits). The tale jumps, epic fashion, in *medias res*, showing us the hero dressing for the ring and the triumphant spectacle of his battle with the beasts. Then it goes back

and follows his career from a gutter-pastured youth to the financial paradise and semi-social Olympus of popular heroism; bringing out, by the way, through the characters of his changing associates and the conversation of his successive intimates, the many-sided status of the national sport. And, then, when we are by way of becoming half hypnotized by the external splendor and the intimate human interests of the "tauromachic" social edifice, we are sickeningly and eye-opening confronted with a behind-the-scenes view of the hero's final catastrophe, the bull ring's real mechanism, and the unmistakable assumption by the gathered populace of the only truly bestial part in the whole programme. The work has manifestly suffered

in translation; losing one cannot, of course, guess how much of those idiomatic inferences and of the fine effect of veiling firmness of form under a vernacular narrative that one still feels in what remains. Also there are passages of description where the dullest imagination will come near to overwhelming even hardened sensibilities with a shuddering horror. Yet the book, as it stands, will repay either curious seekers after new sensations, or those misquoters of the French proverb who are willing "to pardon all things" in order "to understand them."

"MY OWN STORY" (Putnam, \$3.50), by Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, whose sensational departure from the Dresden Court formed a nine days' topic of conjecture and gossip back in 1902, and has played short return engagements at odd intervals ever since, is likewise a volume that is capable of interesting both the curiosity-monger and the seeker after comprehension. But the curiosity-mongers get by far the best of it. They always do, when it comes to the laundrying of soiled linen in public. And, although the present volume is described as "a story of court intrigue that reads like a romance," it might, with equal accuracy, be



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



The Art of the Theatre, by Edward Gordon Craig. A collection of occasional papers in which the author's iconoclastic theories are disclosed, discussed and defended.

The Blood of the Arena, by V. Blasco Ibañez. See above.

The Fool in Christ, by Gerhart Hauptmann. The story of Emanuel Quint, a Silesian peasant, the psychology of whose religious monomania throws a double light upon the humanity of Christ and upon the divinity of man.

Christopher, by Richard Pryce. A story of the eighteenth-seventies in England and France. A piece of unhasteful, flavorsome and companionable fiction.

The Girl That Goes Wrong, by Reginald Wright Kauffman. Sixteen short stories and an introductory essay that deserve to be introduced into every home in America.

Hail and Farewell, by George Moore. Personal experiences transmuted into literature for the impersonal presentation of the spirit of modern Ireland.

Love and Ethics, by Ellen Key. A polemic postscript to "Love and Marriage," by one of the leading advocates of a saner and less one-sided sex-philosophy.

More Ghost Stories, by M. R. James. Fictitious folk-tales, in which the purposeless hauntings of imaginary "hants" are redeemed by occasional bits of good character sketching.

My Own Story, by Louisa of Tuscany. See above.

The Playboy of the Western World, by J. M. Synge. An amusing study of human fondness for self-delusion exquisitely presented in the poetic prose of a peasant vocabulary.

Rebellion, by Joseph Medill Paterson. A vigorous tale, dealing with the married life of a Chicago working girl, but occasionally marred by the author's dropping into the linguistic habits of his characters.

Social Forces in American History, by A. M. Simons. A succinct, clarifying and logical tracing of the dynamics of our national evolution.

The Tariff in Our Times, by Ida M. Tarbell. A careful and comprehensive cross-sectioning of the surface of half a century's legislation.

Under Western Eyes, by Joseph Conrad. The story of a Russian revolutionary supposed to be derived by an English acquaintance from the man's own diary.

What Tolstoy Taught, by Bolton Hall. A mosaic of significant sentences from Tolstoy's writings arranged so as to summarize his social and philosophical tenets.

Household Helps

... "A darning needle was copper-plated with the copper sulphate taken from a can of peas, and a baby's shirt was dyed a vivid cerise with the aniline coloring extracted from strawberry jam."
—Daily Paper.

IN these fraudulent days of deception and cheat,
You are taking your life in your hand
If you buy any drinks that are colored,
or eat
Any food that is potted or canned.

Yet, although as a diet it's rather inclined
To be fatal—don't throw it away.
If you save all the stuff, you are likely to find
It will come in quite handy, some day.

Why, last week father purchased some raspberry fizz—
Artificial—unfit for a drink.
So he sprinkled it over a waistcoat of his—
And it dyed it a beautiful pink!

When the cut-worms were spoiling our sycamore trees,
"Paris green" was the gard'ner's advice,
But we murdered the pests, in a day, if you please—
With a plate of pistachio ice!

All the guests at our chafing-dish party were sad
When the can of wood alcohol fell.
But we used some extract of vanilla we had—
And it burned just exactly as well!

Oh, it's marvelous, really, to think what a lot
You can do with your food, if you try;
Why, I've written this poem with ink that I got
From a section of blackberry pie!
Deems Taylor.

summed up as "hobnobbing with the Hapsburgs on washday."

On the other hand, the book forms an excellent social-democratic tract; not because it proves that kings and queens are unfit to rule, but because it dives deeper and shows how congenitally unfit are men and women to masquerade as kings and queens.

J. B. Kerfoot.



A WOMAN'S A WOMAN FOR A' THAT

Something

THE unanimity of agreement that something must be done is positively distressing. No matter where we go or whom we ask in any walk of life, they all admit that something will have to be done, and not a few of them feel that it should be done soon. Nor are these people necessarily unmindful of the fact that a great many things are being done every day. They refer more particularly to a more important

something, a great, big something, an undiscovered talismanic something which will stop all unrest and argument, make business flourish, make the poor content and the rich happy, ease the difficulties of Congress and scatter the path of the President of the United States with American Beauties and other flora.

Next to the unanimity of this feeling, the most remarkable thing is that no two men can agree on what that something is or who is to do it.

Intimate Interviews



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"YOU'RE a liar!"

There was a moment of intense irritating silence, following this preliminary announcement, as Theodore Roosevelt faced Theodore Roosevelt.

"Gently, gently," said Theodore Roosevelt to Theodore Roosevelt. "Now you didn't mean that, did you?"

"Mean it? Of course I mean it. It isn't necessary for me to produce any facts to prove that you're a liar; except to say that, in a general way, you're a friend of mine, and I make the statement against you. What more do you want?"

Theodore pounded vociferously upon the table. He looked Theodore Roosevelt straight in the eye.

"What more do you want?" he exclaimed. "I have said it! I repeat it! You're a liar!"

This was almost too much for Theodore Roosevelt. He went over into the corner, looking at the other one with a quiet smile, and sat down to think it over. Then he waved his arms wildly, rang four bells and called for three stenographers.

"I'm going to answer that man," he said, "if it takes all the pages in the *Outlook* to do it. He's called me a liar and I won't stand for it. Sit

down, ladies, and I'll dictate one of my world-wide editorials."

Just as he had begun, however, the other Theodore Roosevelt came over and grabbed him by the shoulder.

"This thing has gone far enough," he said, "we may just as well understand each other first as last. I have called you a liar. And now you are going to make a fuss about it. In your usual hot-headed way, you thought that by making a lot of talk and writing a lot of stuff that you're going to get even with me. Now I want you to keep your mouth shut! We've had enough of you, anyway; I'm sick and tired of you myself!"

At this point both Theodore Roosevelts stood up and glared at each other. It looked like a free fight.

"Do you mean to say," said Theodore Roosevelt, "that I'm to do no more talking or writing? Why, I couldn't live without those things!"

"You've said enough!"

"But I propose to say it all over again."

"Shut up!"

"You think you are highly moral."

"You're a liar! You're no longer interesting, even to me."

"You never were interesting to me.

Companions in Misery

FIRST JOKE: Haven't I seen you before?

SECOND JOKE: Yes; I met you one day at the bottom of the first inside page.

"Um. We've both had a rapid rise in LIFE."

Inoculation

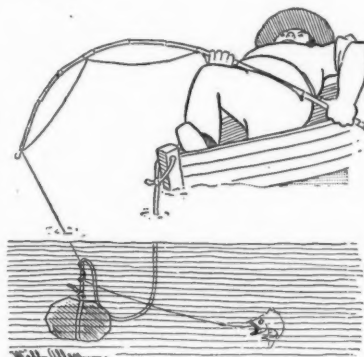
INOCULATE for smallpox,
Inoculate for tetanus,
For fevers, chills and other ills
That daily seem to threaten us!
Inoculate with owl lymph
To stimulate the brain;
Inoculate with goat-juice
To make us young again!
Inoculate for bunions,
Inoculate for mumps;
Inoculate for bald heads,
And eke for nervous slumps;
Inoculate for typhoids,
Inoculate for spavin—
It's just as good as any way—
To waft our souls to Heaven.
But some fine day the laity
Will move in self-defense
To inoculate the doctors
With a little Commonsense.

C. Hilton-Turvey.

We don't speak the same language—you—"

What might have happened, no one can ever tell, for at this moment Lyman Abbott came in, and, placing his hand on the respective Theodore Roosevelts, said quietly:

"Gentlemen, it is now time to go to press."



"WHEW! IT DIDN'T SEEM LIKE SUCH A WHOPPER WHEN IT FIRST BIT."



"THE SPORT OF KINGS"



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Unexampled Courage

He was the small son of a bishop, and his mother was teaching him the meaning of courage.

"Supposing," she said, "there were twelve boys in one bedroom, and eleven got into bed at once, while the other knelt down to say his prayers, that boy would show true courage."

"Oh!" said the young hopeful, "I know something that would be more courageous than that! Supposing there were twelve bishops in one bedroom, and one got into bed without saying his prayers!"—*Truth Seeker.*

His Star Part

Recently a letter of introduction was handed by an actor to a manager which described the presenter as an actor of much merit, and concluded: "He plays Macbeth, Richelieu, Hamlet, Shylock, and billiards. He plays billiards best."

—*Argonaut.*



"WOT! SPENT THREE SEVENTY-FOIVE
IN FOUR DAYS. WOT ON?"

"DE USUAL T'ING, JAMES. WINE,
WOMEN, AN' SONG!"

Standard Melodrama

The scene:

Modest hamlet, shady dell,
Blacksmith shop and village well;
Rustic background, buckwheat crop
Painted on a canvas drop.

The characters:

City villain, dark and mean;
Pretty Jane, the village queen.
Honest Jack, whom she prefers,
And some mossbacked villagers.

The plot:

Pretty Jane is lured away
By an artifice one day.
Spurns the villain, naught avails;
Villain binds her to the rails.

The climax:

Jack has saved her! Out of breath,
Drags her from the jaws of death.
Villain gets a husky biff,
Tumbles down the cardboard cliff.

The finale:

To the village they go back,
Pretty Jane and honest Jack.
"Bless ye, children," says her pop.
Let the big green curtain drop.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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To Lovers of Horses

You may find interest in this extract from the report of the president of the New York Women's League for Animals:

One member alone has had twenty-three horses returned to their stables in a month, besides causing arrests for cruelty. In the Bronx we have relieved the distressed animals on the steep hills by sanding and laying powdered stone in the roadway to give a foothold, and by distributing chain shoes. Through the generosity of a member, more than fifty chest protectors for horses were made and given to poor drivers. Our energetic members in the Bronx also took entire charge of the distribution of the four hundred fly-nets and summer bridles offered by the League to drivers unable to pay for them.

Since the beginning of the cold weather the League has had the co-operation of the police in the distribution of the non-slipping chain shoes for horses, and many a poor animal has been kept from broken bones and other injuries by their use on the slippery asphalt pavements.

Last summer the Council of the University Settlement placed at the disposal of the League for a rest farm for horses, part of the estate which had been given to them by Mrs. Howland. The farm is located at Matteawan, N. Y., and is now known as the "Mountain Rest Farm for Horses." The League went to some expense to put the farm buildings in proper shape and now

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No Honing

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has twenty stalls and four box-stalls available. Though the farm was not ready until the middle of August, twenty-eight cases were sent there during the summer, including three horses that had been rescued from starvation because of the poverty of the owners. The rest and good food restored them.

The only expense involved to the poor owner is the moderate cost of transportation.

The most important part of our work is the Free Dispensary for Animals at

325 Lafayette street, which has been in existence for two years and is the pioneer institution of its kind in the city. During the past year we have treated the following:

Dogs	5,135
Cats	1,419
Horses	639
Other animals	32

Total 7,225

This is an increase of 1,197 treatments over 1910.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



New Schoolboy Howlers

Some delightful howlers are given in the "University Correspondent." The following are selections:

There are five continents, a, e, i, o, and u.

The tides are caused by the sun drawing the water out and the moon drawing it in again.

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.

An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

St. Andrew is the patent saint of Scotland. The patent saint of England is Union Jack.

An old soldier is called a vegetarian.

A centipede is a French measure of length.

The Home Office is where Home Rule is made.

A bishop without a diocese is called a suffragist.

In the houses of the poor the drains are in a fearful state, and quite unfit for human habitation.—*Tit-Bits*.

Chaffing Cholly

ETHEL: Maud was talking about you before you came in. What do you suppose she said?

CHOLLY: Really, I haven't an idea.

ETHEL: Good guess. That's just what she did say.—*Boston Transcript*.

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Kindly Advice

A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty, and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be of no use, Judge," said the man, "to try to 'splain dis thing to you all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full o' shot an' get no chicken, nuther. Ef you want to engage in any rascality, Judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."—*Zion's Advocate*.

The Disciplinarian

There is in our navy a certain rear-admiral, grave, serious-minded, conscientious, who is an excellent disciplinarian. But he has had his failures, too.

In his younger days he was greatly distressed by the carelessness of his charming wife. She had pinned her silk petticoat in the back until there was a great frayed place at the band. She continued to wear the petticoat, how-

ever, although her efforts to keep on pinning it at the frayed place always evoked a little storm of irritation and temper.

In vain her husband urged her to mend it. Finally he decided that the only way to reform his wife was to fill her with remorse. So this future commander of battleships with his own hands ripped off the old frayed band and sewed on a new one. Then he took it to his wife. She was greatly moved, thanked him, kissed him, and left the room.

Presently she came back, her arms laden with garments.

"Here are a few more for you, dearest," she said. "But please don't hurry about them. Just fix them whenever you have time."

And she put seven petticoats on the chair beside him.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Human Dynamo

"Your wife must keep out of all excitement."

"Impossible, doctor! She carries it around with her."—*Boston Transcript*.

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Chinese Proverbs

It somewhat soothes the Bankrupt's woe
To talk of Debts that others owe.

Defame a Man of Energy, and soon
The Mob will echo, mingling Truth
and Lie.

Let one lone Mangy Mongrel bay the
Moon
And all the Village Curs will swell the
cry.

Within the home where fewer Servants
dwell

With greater speed the daily work is
done;

One Man will bring Two Buckets from
the Well,

Two Men, between them both will
carry One.

Through the years of Earthly Dole
Man's gross Clay knows not his Soul.
When the Life has passed away,
Shall the Spirit know the Clay?—A. G.

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A Parson's Dread

In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "Oh, yes," replied the sailor; "if it blows as hard as it does now we shall all be in Heaven before twelve o'clock to-night." The chaplain, terrified at the expression, cried out: "The Lord forbid."

MARRIAGE is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state.—Samuel Johnson.



"MINDING BABY"

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Matthew Brady, famous photographer of New York and Washington, was the

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first on the field of war with his camera. Braving the financial collapse and ruined health which actually overwhelmed him—in danger of his very life, this man of far vision was the first in the history of the world to photograph an actual war. Later others followed him. Peace came. In the confusion of reconstruction, the thousands of photographs were lost. Brady died in poverty and despair. Fifty years they lay buried and the American people did not know that they existed. Now at last, they have been recovered by the Review of Reviews Company and embodied in the ten big volumes of the PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY.

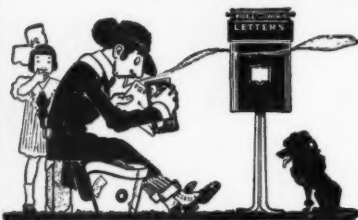
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A FRIEND once asked “Uncle Joe” Cannon for information as to the prospects of a politician who was at that time generally thought to be “on the ragged edge.” “He seems to think he's getting on all right,” said Uncle Joe, “but others entertain a decidedly different opinion. His situation brings to mind the story of the old lady up in Maine. When she was asked as to the whereabouts of her husband, the dame replied: ‘If the ice is as thick as Henry thinks it is, he is skating; if it is as thin as I think it is, he is swimming.’”

—Argonaut.

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Art

Taking *The World* artist with me in order to know fully what I was talking about, I visited the Academy of Design a day or two ago for the purpose of witnessing some of the pictures from Paris which are now on exhibition there. Many of these pictures are large and beautiful, while others are small and ornery. At the head of the stairs is a smallish picture, with a good, heavy frame and greenish foreground. It is not on the catalogue, so I will try to describe it briefly. About half way between the foreground and middle distance there is a cream-colored perspective, while above this there is a rag-carpet sky, with lumps on it.

“And is there no way of removing these large lumps of paint, so as to give the picture an even appearance?” I asked Mr. McDougall.

“Oh, no; they don't want to do that,” he said; “that is the *impasto* method of putting on the colors, which brings out the salient features of the painting.”

So this imposture method, it seems, is really gaining ground, and this picture, with the soldier-overcoat sky and green chenille grass and gargetty distance, would no doubt be worth in Paris thirteen or fourteen dollars.

No. 84 is a picture by Charles Durand entitled “A Country Woman in Champagne.” I was bitterly disappointed in this picture, for though the woman seems to be in good spirits, the artist has utterly failed to grapple fully with his subject, and without the catalogue in his hand I would defy the most brilliant connoisseur to say definitely whether or not she is under the influence of liquor.

We next walk around to No. 168, a picture by Camille Pissaro.

M. Pissaro has ten pictures in the Academy, but this one is the best. It is made by the squirt system of painting, graining and kalsomining, which is now becoming so *à la mode* and *rouge et noir*. The artist tells me that the colors are carefully arranged in a tin pail and applied to the canvas by means of a squirt gun or Rembrandt stomach pump. This gives the painting a beautiful yet dappled appearance, which could not be obtained with a brush.

This picture is worth three dollars of any man's money, for the frame is worth two dollars, and there is at least a dollar's worth of paint on the picture that is just as good as ever. The artist has handled the feet in a masterly manner, bringing them out so that they hang over the frame like a thing of life. If I could paint feet as M. Pissaro does I would not spend my life stripping bugies in a close room among coarse men with putty on their pantaloons, but I would burst forth from my humble surroundings, and I would attract the attention of the whole great world of art with my massive and heroic feet. Then from this I would gradually get so that

(Continued on page 451)

What is the Weak Spot in Your Bodily Machine?

Have you a stomach that cuts down your earning power? Do jangled nerves make an eight-hour day of good work and good nature impossible? Are your intestines sluggish? Is your liver a rebel, your breathing apparatus frequently on a strike?



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The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

"In the original prospectus announcing the new monthly twenty-five years ago the founders of Scribner's designated the latter as a 'magazine of good literature in the widest sense.' In celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary and in proof of the fact that it has lived up to this standard the January Scribner reviews the army of illustrious contributors who have enriched its pages during the quarter of a century. The array of names and notable articles is in every way an imposing one. The literary landmarks of the period are to be found here; it would be possible to sketch some of the salient facts in the country's intellectual progress during the last two decades and a half in this roster of Scribner triumphs."—*New York Times*.

"The new magazine had a perfectly definite aim from the start, and made its own place with astonishing rapidity. It was radically different from the other magazines in its own class—a difference not easy to define, but expressive of the strongly marked individuality of its editor, which speedily revealed itself in the selection of writers and their manner of treating their topics. It was not accidental that the distinguished men and women of letters associated with the magazine in its earlier and later numbers were Robert Louis Stevenson, George Meredith, Mr. Barrie, Mrs. Wharton, and Mr. Quiller-Couch; a group of writers who had one quality in common—marked individuality of thought and of style. They belong in the front group of modern writers in English and their contributions to Scribner's Magazine throw an interesting light on the frequently expressed opinion that periodical writing has nothing in common with literature, and that the magazine is the foe of the book. Scribner's Magazine has kept the best company from the start, as a glance at the names of the men and women who have appeared in its pages shows. Ably edited, representing the best standards interpreted by the most original writers, thoroughly artistic in illustration, Scribner's Magazine must be counted not only among the publications which belong to periodical literature, but also as an important contributor to permanent literature."—*The Outlook*.

"The completion of the twenty-fifth year of the publication of Scribner's Magazine and the beginning of its fifty-first volume call for congratulations to all concerned in its making and for heartiest wishes for the continuance of the signal success which it has won from the day of its first appearance, and which it has so ably and honestly won. They succeeded, and have continued to succeed, among many changes of public taste, in convincing the reading world of the virtues of its basic policy of combining belles-lettres and the field of art with the literature of knowledge, and both with entertainment. For Scribner's has never been known to be dull—'heavy' is the adjective used by preference in this connection. Scribner's has maintained the standard which it set for itself from the first, but it has also succeeded in keeping abreast of the times in the many and constantly increasing fields of interest in civilization."—*New York Tribune*.

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—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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Art

(Continued from page 449)

I could make pictures that would resemble people. There is no reason why M. Pissaro should not do well in that way, for he has painted No. 171, "A Woman At a Well," in which the most unkempt and uncultivated peasant can at once distinguish which is the woman and which is the well. He is also the author of "Spring," a squirt study with a blue rash, which has broken out where the sky ought to be.

No. 136 is the "Execution of Maximilian," by Edouard Manet, a foreign artist. The scene is laid at the base of an old Mexican slaughter-house. In the foreground may be seen the rear of the Mexican Army with its wealth of *tour-nure* and cute little gored panties. All Mexican troops have their trousers gored at the hips. Sometimes they also have them gored at the bull-fights which take place there. In the contiguous distance Maximilian may be seen wearing the hat which has evidently infuriated the Mexican populace. The artist says that Maximilian objects to being shot, but I pretend not to hear him and he repeats the remark, so I have to say "Very good, very good," and then we pass on to No. 60, which is entitled "Dreams," by Puvis de Chavannes.

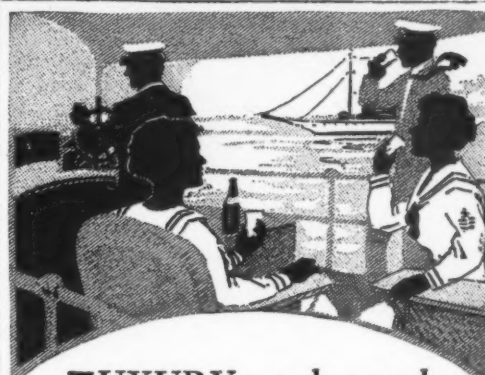
In this picture a weary man, who has worn himself out sleeping in haystacks and trying to solve the labor problem, so that the great curse of industry may be wiped out and the wealthy man made to pay the taxes while the poor man assists in sharing the burden of dividends, is lying on the ground with a pleasant smile on his face. He is asleep, with his mouth slightly ajar, showing how his teeth are fastened in their places. He is smiling in his slumber, and there is hay in his whiskers. Three decalcomanie angels are seen fastened to the sky in the form of a tableau. One is scattering cookies in his pathway, while the second has a laurel wreath which is offered at a great reduction, as the owner is about to leave the city for the summer. These are the new style of wingless angels recently introduced into art and now becoming very popular.

M. Chavannes is also the mechanic who constructed a picture numbered 61 and called the "Poor Fisherman." The history of this little picture is full of pathos. The scene is laid in Newark Bay, N. J. A poor fisherman and his children go out to spend the day, taking their lunch with them.

"Oh, papa, let us take two or three cucumbers with our lunch," says one of the children, in glee.

"Very well, my child," exclaims the father, with ill-concealed delight. "Go down to the market and get one for each of us."

The artist has chosen to make his study of the fisherman a short time after lunch. The father is engaged in regretting something which it is now too late to recall. Cholera infantum has



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overtaken the younger child and the other is gathering lobelia for her father. The picture is wonderful in its conception and execution. One can see that he is a poor fisherman, for he has not caught any fish, and the great agony he feels is depicted in his face and the attitude of his hair. The picture might have been called a battle piece or a French interior, with equal propriety.

Manet has several bright and cheery bits of color, among them No. 147,

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"Spring at Giverny," which might be called Fourth of July in a Roman candle factory without misleading the thoughtful art student.

No. 156, "Meadows at Giverny," by the same man, is a study in connecting the foreground and background of an oil painting by means of purple hay and



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dark-blue bunches of boneset in such a way as to deceive the eye.

I have always bitterly regretted that while I was abroad I did not go to Giverny and see the purple hay and navy-blue tansy and water-cress which grow there in such great abundance. How often we go hurrying through a country, seeing the old and well-worn features shown us by the professional guides and tourists, forgetting or overlooking more important matters, like a scene in France, No. 142, entitled "Women Bathing." I presume I was within three-quarters of a mile of this view and yet came home without knowing anything about it.

No. 123, "Diana Surprised," is no doubt the best picture in the whole collection. The tall and beautiful figure of Diana in the middle distance, in the act of being surprised, is well calculated to appeal to any one with a tender heart or a few extra clothes. Diana has just been in swimming with her entire *corps de ballet*, and on coming out of the water is surprised to find that someone has stolen her clothes. The artist has very happily caught the attitude and expression at the moment when she is about to offer a reward for them. The picture is so true to life that I instinctively stammered "Excuse me," and got behind the artist who was with me. The figures are life size and the attitudes are easy and graceful in the extreme. One very beautiful young woman in the middle foreground, about seven and one-half inches north of the frame of the picture, with her back to the spectator, crouches at Diana's feet. She has done



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her beautiful and abundant hair up in a graceful coil at the back of her head, but has gone no further with her toilet when the surprise takes place. The idea is lofty and the treatment beneficial. I do not know that I am using these terms as I should, but I am doing the best I can.

We often hear our friends regret that their portraits, dressed in clothing that has long since become obsolete, are still in existence, and though the features are correctly reproduced, the costume is now so ridiculous as to impair the *de trop* of the picture and mar its *aplomb*.

Jules Lefebvre has overcome this great obstacle in a marvelous manner, and gives us Diana and her entire staff surrounded by an atmosphere that time cannot cloud with contumely or obscure with ridicule. Had the artist seen fit to paint Diana wearing a Garibaldi waist and very full skirt with large hoops and her hair wrapped around two or three large "rats," he might have been true to the customs and costumes of a certain period in the history of art, but it would not have stood the test of time. As it is he has wisely chosen to throw about her a certain air of *hauteur* which will look just as well in a hundred years as it does now.

The picture has a massive frame and would brighten up one end of a dining-room very much. I was deeply mortified and disappointed to learn that it was not for sale. Actéon is the party who surprised Diana.—Bill Nye.

THERE are only two things in which the false professors of all religions have agreed; to persecute all other sects and to plunder their own.—Lacon.



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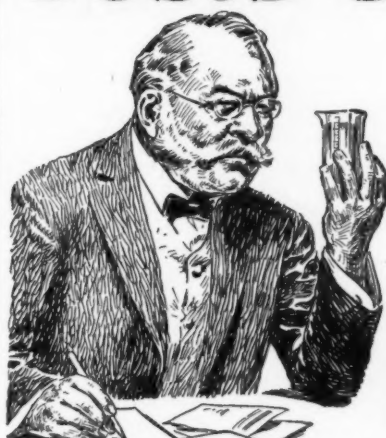
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The Way Webster Spelled

Thomas M. Honan, Attorney-General, who has given more attention to studying law than to studying spelling, finds solace for misspelled words in a saying of an old time newspaper man at Seymour, Honan's home, whose copy the compositors had to watch carefully for bad spelling.

"One day two young women went to his office to write a letter," Honan said. "They borrowed the old man's paper, his pen and ink, and asked him to let

them sit at his desk while they wrote the letter. The old man accommodated them, and while they were writing he busied himself looking over the newspaper files, not in the best of humor because he had been disturbed.

"Please, Mr. Blank, how do you spell autocratic?" asked one of the girls.

"Spell it any way you darn please," he replied. "Do like Noah Webster. He never asked anybody how to spell a word, and we have to like the way he spelled 'em.'"—Indianapolis News.

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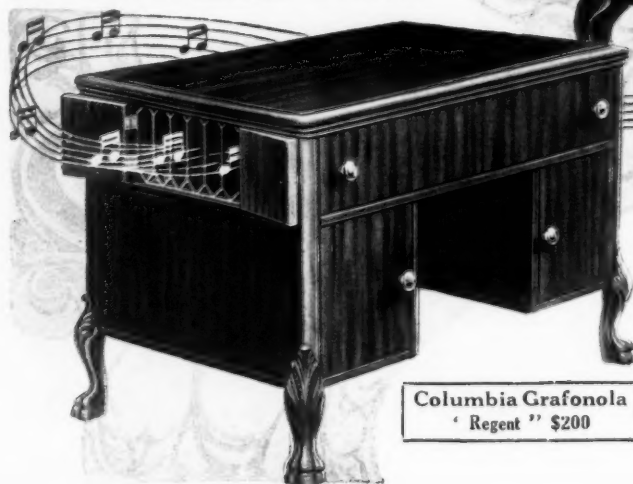
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